The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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NEED AND WISH.

I need not what I cannot have:
The north wind swept from me this folly,—
With lazy, fretful whine to crave
Some comfort against melancholy
Which haunts us all, when dreams go by
Of what might be, if life were other
Than life is; therefore every sigh
In working-songs I strive to smother.

You need not what you cannot have;
Though torrid gusts of hopeless passion
Amid your fancies moan and rave,
And mould your words to fiery fashion.
What if your wild desire would seize
Some other heart's delight and glory?
Fate reigns not your one will to please;
Not yours the only tragic story.

None needs the thing he cannot have:
The gods know how to give right measure:
Through seeming loss our souls they save;
They will not leave us slaves of pleasure.
Yet from his longings who would rest?
To claim, to seek with firm endeavor,
Better that still transcends our best,—
By this path climbs the soul forever.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE CHANGING OF CROSSES INTO CROWNS.

III.

There is the cross of *Cheerfulness.* It seems a small matter, perhaps, and yet there is hardly any which touches happiness more closely. Your home is brightened by a cheerful spirit, that "is not easily provoked," that is not put out by the failures and omissions and worries that always have to come in busy family life, but which takes all in good part. How the business and work of the world are brightened by a cheerful spirit, that has a pleasant word for all! And not only so, but there is a cheerfulness which, even when things go seriously wrong, can keep from sinking into mere fret and worry and bitterness. Some people talk of this as if it were all a matter of temperament. Of course there are some to whom it comes easier than to others. So it is with every quality. But, apart from that, cheerfulness is a duty, and a duty which no one can weave into a settled part of his life without something of a cross. It can only be attained by daily watchfulness, and schooling the spirit, and constantly reminding one's self how hard, life, after all, is to almost every one; and by schooling one's self not to expect too much,—to feel that it is not our world, and that we must not fret over what is beyond our power. These are all matters in which it is possible, greatly possible, to school one's self,—to cultivate cheerfulness. And if one does, there is nothing that, however it begins by being a cross, changes more surely into a blessing and a crown,—not indifference, not stoical disdain, not a bit like slothful inaction, but a large, gracious acceptance of the world and life,—doing one's best and there leaving it, making no weak moan or fret, but brave and cheerful to the end.

And lastly, and akin to all of these, there is the cross of *Sacrifice.* People often talk about the happiness of doing good and of love to others. But love to others, if it

is ever to be more than mere easy good-nature, has to begin as a duty, in self-sacrifice. And, as for doing good, real doing good is one of the hardest things in the world, requiring long, untiring sacrifice of self. Do not be deceived by that easy good-nature which is often highly praised,—the good-nature which cannot refuse a child anything, if it only cries hard enough; and which likes to give to a beggar, even though persuaded that he is a fraud. Mostly, that is only a subtle form of self-indulgence, and finds it just as hard to refuse a gratification to itself as to any one else. The loving-kindness that Christ taught men is a very different thing. It is a stronger thing and a harder thing. It has to begin in self-denial; in putting others before self; in being kind not only to friends, but to people you do not like and do not want to be kind to; in repaying rudeness with courtesy, evil with good. No easy good-nature will carry one through this: it requires earnest principle and the quiet suppression of self. So in the beginning it has to be a cross. But it need not be so for long. Begin by denying yourself, and by and by you forget yourself. The kindness which at first was just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness. The cross of sacrifice is changed into the crown of love.

Dear friends, this is a word of encouragement for us, in the hardness which there is in all duty. Keep on in it, "endure," and out of every cross of duty will come its special crown of blessing. Hard, dogged industry will brighten into *happy activity*. Stern truth will strengthen life into a *fearless simplicity*. Firm patience will beget a *quiet, immovable steadfastness*. Cheerfulness—enforced at first—by and by inspires a *gracious contentment;* and self-sacrifice—at first a conscious struggle—loses itself in the self-forgetfulness of *love*. In such ways as these the daily crosses of duty change into the many-rayed crown of life.

Not yet the perfect crown. Not yet anything to make us self-satisfied—only to cheer us on. "This is not our rest." Life will always have some cross in it. New heights of worthier living keep appearing, new works of service beckon us to take hold. The upward way cannot be easy: it must be climbing to the end; but, as you climb, there comes more love of man, more love of God; a blessing of stronger, abler, kinder, happier life,—and ever growing over all a quiet, restful sense of something brighter, happier still, beyond,—some crown of better life than aught we know of here, which the Lord hath, in the unfolding of the eternal years, for them that love him.

Brooke Herford.

THE STILL HOUR.

"Create in me a clean heart, O Lord; and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. lvii.

Spirit that with me dost dwell,
  Make thy presence richly known!
Holy deeds send forth to tell
  Of the bright communion!

Peaceful Spirit! hath the soul
  Where thy voice so sweet doth sound,
Of thy mighty music full,
  Ears to hear the roar around?

Cheerful Spirit! where but here,
  In this happy home of thine,
Floweth on such gladsome cheer?
  Ever fresh the feast divine!

Holy Spirit! give not o'er;
  Leave not, leave not hallowing me,—
Me thy temple evermore;
  Mine thine own eternity!

—*T. H. Gill.*

We have to "*work* out our salvation," but the work is mainly to be done by the unseen exertion of the invisible soul. . . . It is when sins of thought and feeling are indulged that they grow into sins of life and conduct. . . . Our great sins, in short, are sins of the heart; and rightly to rule our spirit is the sum, the essence, of all Christian duty. And to do that, what a noble work! how hard in its progress, how glorious in its results! All that shall make us like our Saviour, all that shall make us meet for heaven, lies in that work! No strength of our own is equal to it, but only his might who regenerates and sanctifies. Oh! may he be poured down upon us day by day! And so, through many duties, many trials, many cares, we shall hold still that central peace of mind which is promised to the man whose mind is stayed upon his God; we shall be victors in a noiseless battle, fighting day by day in many quiet places,—fought in by shrinking women and by men; a battle which is the heaviest strain upon human pith and endurance, and yet which may end in the most glorious rewards which can ever be won by human being.—*John F. W. Ware.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

"Life Thoughts," Beecher; "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism"; "Comte," J. S. Mill; "Speeches of John Bright"; "Outre-Mer," Longfellow; "Averil," R. N. Carey; "As it was Written" (a Jewish musician's story); "Mr. Scarborough's Family," Trollope; "Life of Josiah Quincy"; "History of Socialism," Kirkup; "Social Evolution," Kidd; "The Times of the Saviour," H. Martineau; "God's Fool," Maartens; "American Sonnets"; "Father Stafford," A. Hope; "As it is in Heaven," Lucy Larcom; "With Edged Tools," Merriman; "Eben Holden"; "Up and down the Sands of Gold"; "The Forest Schoolmaster"; "A Book of Poems," Chadwick; "Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne; "The Sketch Book," Irving; "The Countess Eve"; "Adam Bede"; "The Last Essays of Elia"; "The Little City of Hope," Marion Crawford; "Chimmie Fadden."

The following books are offered by Second Church Branch, Salem. Please address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass.

"Brief History of Greece," Barnes; "Light from Prophecy," Rev. Ira Case; "Friendly Visit to the House of Mourning," Rev. Richard Cecil; "Lord of the Isles," etc., Sir Walter Scott; "Eysenbach's German Grammar"; "German Principles," Part I.; "German Principles," Part II.; "Method Berlitz" (German); "Prendergast's Mastery Series" (German); "Progressive French Drill Book"; "Le Grandpère" (French); "Practical English Grammar," Mary F. Hyde; "How to become Quick at Figures"; "Spelling and Letter-writing"; "Child's Botany," Worthington Hooker, M.D.; "Progressive French Course," First Year, Macmillan; Chautauqua Course Books; "Classic French Course in English," W. G. Wilkinson; "College Latin Course in English"; "College Greek Course in English"; "Preparatory Greek Course in English"; "The Art of Speech" (Vol. I.), L. T. Townsend.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

For the following books please apply to Mrs. Harriet T. Boyd, Dedham, Mass.

"The Fighting Chance," "The Tree of Heaven," R. W. Chambers; "Sentimental Tommy," Barrie; "Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford; "Curly," Pocock; "Life of Schamyl," Mackie; "The Octopus," Norris; "The Merchant of Venice," Shakespeare; "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales"; "In Tune with the Infinite," Trine; "Travels with a Donkey," R. L. Stevenson; "Back Country Poems," Sam Walter Foss; "Across America and Asia," Prof. Raphael Pumpelly; "A Little New England Maid," Kate Tannatt Woods; "The Sparrowgrass Papers," Cozzens; "The Life of Jesus for Young People," Howard N. Brown; "The Old Town Pump," Sidney; "Condensed Novels," Bret Harte; "Footprints of Famous Men," J. G. Edgar; "Wonders of the World," Uncle John; "The Birth of Jesus," Dr. Henry A. Miles; "The Lamplighter," Cummins; "The Day before Yesterday," Shafer; "A Modern Sultana," Florence Marden; "The Widow Wyse"; "In the Heart of the Storm," Grey; "Aunt Serena"; "The Adventures of Verdant Green"; "Chimes for Childhood"; "American Boys' Book of Sports," Beard.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I would like very much to receive "Donovan," a novel by Edna Lyall. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Society for many years, and have enjoyed my membership very much. In asking for this book, it is for others to read as well as myself. I would also be pleased and thankful to get "We Two" by the same author, if it would not be asking too much. Mary B. Pedigo, The Hollow, Virginia.

2. Rev. W. R. Chapman, Bealeton, Virginia, would like the following books and be very grateful: "Hebrew Interlinear Old Testament"; "Hebrew Grammar"; "New Algebra," Wentworth; "Beginning Latin," Collar and Daniell; "Plane Geometry," Wentworth; "General History," Myers; "Physics," Steele; "Latin Composition," D'Ooge; "Chemistry," Steele.

3. Mrs. E. L. Jones, Mannsville, Oklahoma, Box 6, asks for "Pride of Jennico" or "The Conqueror."

4. Any of the following books or other suitable ones would be very acceptable for the Abbott Memorial Library, Pomfret, Vermont. Address Mrs. Abba Chamberlin, Librarian. Express office, Woodstock, Vermont. "Marcella," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "My Winter on the Nile," Charles Dudley Warner; "Seven Stormy Sundays," Lucretia P. Hale; "Queen Mary," drama by Tennyson; "Beauties of Tennyson"; "Pickwick Papers"; "King Arthur," Mrs. Mulock; "Autobiography of James Freeman Clarke"; "Kate Field," Lillian Whiting; "Democracy and Other Addresses," Lowell; "The Preacher," "Nature and Compensation," Emerson; "Tales from Blackwood."

5. Mrs. George Teeples, Cowley, Wyoming, will be glad of reading for herself and children. The children are Lee, aged seven; Roy, eight; Mary, six; and Ray, two years. They live ten miles from the nearest town.

6. Mrs. F. P. Doyle, Preston, Virginia, will be grateful for a fashion magazine or suitable reading for children.

7. Mrs. Blanche Hammill, 2525 X Street, Sacramento, California, would like to receive copies of "The Dumb Animals, our Four-footed Friends," and any leaflets on the subject of Humane Education.

8. The Editor asks for the number of the *Cheerful Letter* for July, 1893.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A BAD BOY: HOW TO TREAT HIM.

[Rodolphus had run away from home after behaving for several years in a way that discouraged his friends very much. His last act had been to steal some money from his employer. This caused him to be sentenced to prison; but he was pardoned by the governor, on the application of Beechnut, the hero of Jacob Abbott's Franconia Stories. He disappeared while Beechnut was bringing him home and had not been heard of for a long time. Finally, his sister Ellen received a message from him, asking her to meet him at an old saw-mill not far from the village. While she was talking with him, Beechnut appeared on the scene to the surprise of both.]

The alarm which Rodolphus would have felt at seeing Beechnut come so suddenly upon his place of retreat was very much diminished by the words which Beechnut spoke, and also by his manner of coming in, which proclaimed so distinctly that he came as a friend and not as an enemy. Still, Rodolphus looked distressed, and turned his face away, saying at the same time in a despondent tone,—

"You promised, Ellen, that you would not tell him anything about it."

"I did not tell him," said Ellen, "and I am sure I do not know how he found out that you were here."

"Never mind that now," said Beechnut. "I will tell you all about it some day. But you are perfectly safe. I don't believe there is another person in town that knows it, except Ellen and I. I am very glad you have come home."

By this time Rodolphus had raised himself up and was sitting upright upon his bed of shavings.

"But I have not come home," said Rodolphus. "I am not going home at all."

"What then?" said Beechnut. "What are you going to do?"

Rodolphus was silent.

"Tell me," said Beechnut, "and then I will help you do it."

"Will you, truly?" said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "if I can in conscience."

"Well," said Rodolphus, "I want to get some money to fit me out, and then go to sea."

"That is a good plan," said Beechnut, "or at least there might be plans a great deal worse. I have known first-rate men that began life by going to sea. You are rather young yet; but then you are a smart boy for your age, and would do as well as many boys that are two years older. I will tell you what to do. Go home with Ellen, and stay at home a week or ten days. In that time you can think of the matter, and we can talk it over. Perhaps you will think of some other plan that you will like better."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I am fully determined to go to sea."

"Well," said Beechnut, "I do not know but going to sea will be the best plan, and I promise you, if you will go home and stay a week or two, and, if you then finally conclude that that is the best thing that you can do, Ellen and I will help you all we can to carry it into effect. Won't we, Ellen?"

Ellen hesitated a moment, and then answered timidly, "Yes."

"Will you, verily and truly?" said Rodolphus.

"Yes," replied Beechnut. "I will verily and truly. I promise you, and you know me enough to know that, when I promise, I keep my word. The fact is, I hope you will conclude not to go to sea, for I think you can do better at home; but, if you are determined to go, I want you to go the right way, not the wrong way."

"How do you mean?" asked Rodolphus.

"Why, the right way," said Beechnut, "would be for you to go home with Ellen this morning. Then let her and your mother fit you up with comfortable clothes. Let it be known about the village that you have come home, and show yourself to your mother's friends like an honest boy, who is not intending to do anything to be ashamed of. Tell the people, if you please, that you are going to sea. Then, when you have got a good, comfortable outfit and the time comes, let me go with you to the port and help you get a good berth. In this way you will go to sea like a man, and stand some chance to do yourself credit. You will think of home, too, while you are gone, with satisfaction and pleasure, and the people will think of you, and be glad to hear from you whenever you get a chance to write to your mother."

"But I am ashamed to go home," said Rodolphus, "I am ashamed to be seen by anybody."

"There is no occasion to be ashamed," said Beechnut; "that is, if you are going to be a good boy now henceforth. It is true that you got into bad company and into a bad way at Hiburgh; but then many a boy has committed as great faults as you ever did, and yet afterward turned out an excellent man."

"But then I ran away," said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "and that is the very thing that I don't want you to do again. If you come home, and show yourself there openly and honestly like a man, and behave well from this time, people will soon forget all the bad. Why, Dr. Franklin ran away from home when he was a boy, but he afterward behaved well, and became one of the greatest men in America."

This kind of talk and the cheerful and animated tone in which Beechnut spoke encouraged Rodolphus very much. He began to think that Beechnut was right, and that perhaps it would be better for him to go boldly home and remain at Franconia for a week or two, and then go to sea, if he went at all, in an open and honest manner. But then all at once he thought that perhaps his mother would absolutely refuse her consent to his going on any terms if she were to know anything about his plan. It seemed, therefore, not safe for him to put himself into her power.

"I'd better not go home," said he, after a short pause. "If I do, mother will never let me go to sea, I am sure."

"Suppose she does not consent," said Beechnut, "you can run away without her consent as easily then as you can now. And it is just as wrong to go without her leave now as it would be after you had been at home a week."

Rodolphus looked undecided.

"Do come home, Rodolphus," said Ellen.

"Well," said Rodolphus, "I will. You go home first, and tell mother that I am coming."

"Yes, Ellen," said Beechnut, "that will be a good plan, and I will stay here and come along with Rodolphus in half an hour."

When Ellen had gone, Beechnut recommended to Rodolphus to come and bathe his feet in the brook, and wash his face and hands; and, while Rodolphus was doing so, he talked with him continually in a good-natured and cheerful tone, just as if nothing extraordinary had happened. It was his plan, in fact, to endeavor to make Rodolphus feel as much at his ease as possible, just as if he had never been away.

"Some people," said he to himself, when he was following Ellen along that morning on the way to the old mill,—"some people, I suppose, would think that the best way to reclaim such a boy would be to talk to him about the wickedness of his past course of life, his undutifulness and ingratitude to his mother, and tell him how his going on in such evil courses will break his sister's heart and his mother's, and finally perhaps bring him to the gallows; and so try to persuade him to resolve on leading a new life. This, I suppose, is what some people would say was the way; and it may be, for aught I know, a very good way. But it is not *my* way. I shall try to make him forget all that, just as quick as I can. I shall try, too, to fill his mind with new thoughts, just as full as I can, so that there shall not be any room in it for his old wickedness."

So, while Rodolphus was at the brook, sitting on a flat stone by the side of the water, and bathing his feet, his face, and his hands, Beechnut stood by him, talking with him in a free and good-natured manner, which soothed and comforted Rodolphus's mind more than one would have imagined possible. In fact, Rodolphus began quite to recover his usual spirits, and soon took part in the conversation with Beechnut very cheerfully.

By this time Rodolphus was ready to go,

and the two boys sauntered slowly along together up the brook, by the path which led through the thickets. Rodolphus would have dreaded going home very much, indeed, if Beechnut had left him any time to think of it. But he talked to him continually all the way, and so occupied and amused his mind that he had no opportunity for any sad reflections.

"There is one thing very favorable for you," said Beechnut, "in coming home just at this time."

"What is that?" said Rodolphus.

"Why, it is just haying time," replied Beechnut, "and it will be very easy for you to get work. You can earn thirty or forty cents a day, and that in a fortnight will give you considerable money for your outfit if you finally conclude to go to sea. I suppose your mother can make your clothes for you. Only perhaps," he added, "she may have to expend some money in buying the stuff."

"I expect she has got stuff enough in the house," said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "perhaps she has. You will have to buy a pair of shoes, at any rate."

"Yes," said Rodolphus.

"And a cap," said Beechnut,

"My sister Ellen can make me a cap," said Rodolphus.

"So she can," said Beechnut. "All you will want money for will be to buy a pair of shoes. You can earn money enough for that in three days. Your mother would buy shoes and give them to you, I have no doubt, but you would feel a better satisfaction in earning them yourself. Besides, you have got so large and strong now, you can earn such things very easily. It is not as if you were a very small boy."

These words of Beechnut seemed to give Rodolphus new strength and courage. He resolved that he would at all events earn the money for his shoes himself, and not depend upon his mother for them.

"I wish you would come and help us make hay at Mrs. Henry's," said Beechnut. "I think Mrs. Henry would be glad to have you. If you will come, I will ask her."

"Well," said Rodolphus.

"She might allow you thirty cents a day at first," said Beechnut, "and pay you three days in advance. That will be enough to buy a pair of shoes. Can you mow?"

"I don't know," said Rodolphus. "I never tried."

"I think you can mow," said Beechnut,—"say with rather a light scythe."

Talking thus on cheerful and agreeable topics, Beechnut beguiled the way as he and Rodolphus walked along, taking care always to lead Rodolphus's mind forward to the future, and never back upon the past. At length they began to draw near the house. Before they came in sight of it, however, Beechnut took the measure of Rodolphus's foot with a string.

"I will see," said he, "if Mrs. Henry will hire you to come and help us in the haying, and, if she will, I will buy you a pair of shoes, for the first three days' work, and have them ready this evening, when you come. You will find me in the shop, getting out the haying tools."

"Well," said Rodolphus, "I will come"—

Jacob Abbott, in "Ellen Linn."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SNOWY HERON.

Description.—Snowy Heron (*Egretta candidissima*). There is no difference in the plumage of the sexes, both of which are always pure white. Occipital (top of head) and jugular (lower throat) region with plumes. From the interscapular region (between the shoulders) grow a large number of "aigrette" plumes, which extend to or beyond the tail, and, when in perfect condition, are recurved at tip; lores (front of eye), eyes, and feet yellow. Bill black, except at base, which is yellow; legs black, except lower portion behind, which is yellow. The adults *after* the breeding season and the immature birds do not have the "aigrette" plumes. Length from tip of bill to end of tail, not including plumes, varies from twenty to twenty-seven inches.

The Snowy Heron always breeds in colonies. *Nest*, a closely built platform of sticks, in rushes, bushes, or trees in swamps. *Eggs*, three to five in number, of light greenish-blue color.

Distribution.—All of temperate and tropical America between 41° north latitude on the Atlantic coast; 45° north latitude on the Pacific coast, and 35° south latitude. After the breeding season, stragglers from the Southern States wander as far north as Nova Scotia and Ontario.

The American Egret (*Herodias egretta*) is almost twice the size of the Snowy Heron, its length being from thirty-seven to forty-one inches. It is also pure white, and both sexes have during the breeding season *only* a large number of interscapular plumes, which extend beyond the tail. These plumes are *straight*, and *not* recurved, as are those of its smaller relative.

The White Herons of the other parts of the world are very similar to those found on the American continent, even to the difference in size. Corresponding to the Snowy Heron in America, *Garzetta garzetta* is found in Southern Europe, across to China and Japan, south to the Burmese countries and the Indian Peninsula and Ceylon, Philippine Islands, Malay Peninsula, and the whole of Africa. A second small form, *Garzetta nigripes*, is found from Java throughout the Moluccas to Australia. The large forms, corresponding to the American Egret, are *Herodias alba* of Southern Europe, east to Central Asia, and south to Africa, the Indian Peninsula, and the Burmese countries; and *Herodias timoriensis*, which is found from Japan and North China, south through the Malayan Archipelago to Australia.

The food of Herons consists of shrimp, small fish, aquatic insects, crayfish, and life found along the shores and in swamps. Economically, so far as known, they are neutral or harmless, but may prove to be highly beneficial when a scientific study of their food has been made.

The recent history of the White Herons is pathetic in the extreme, as it is a tale of persecution and rapid extermination. It was a sad day when fashion decreed that the nuptial plumes of these birds should be worn as millinery ornaments. Feathers and scalps, rapine and blood, are the accompaniments of savage life, but better things are expected of civilization.

It is hardly possible that any women of the present day are unacquainted with all the horrible details of plume-hunting. The following pen-picture of the horrors of the plume trade, drawn by Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the North Carolina Audubon Society, shows the work in all its bloody reality:—

"In the tall bushes, growing in a secluded pond in a swamp, a small colony of Herons had built their nesting home. I accompanied a squirrel-hunter one day to the spot, and the scene which met our eyes was not a pleasant one. I had expected to see some of the beautiful Herons about their nests, or standing on the trees near by, but not a living one could be found, while here and there in the mud lay the lifeless forms of eight of the birds. They had been shot down, and the skin-bearing plumes stripped from their backs. This was not the worst. In four of the nests young orphan birds could be seen, who were clamoring piteously for food which their dead parents could never again bring to them. A little one was discovered lying with its head and neck hanging out of the nest, happily now past suffering. On higher ground the embers of a fire gave evidence of the plume-hunters' camp.

"The next spring I visited this nesting site, but found only the old nests fast falling to decay.

"When man comes, slaughters and exterminates, Nature does not restore."

This story of a single Florida colony is the story of what has happened in all of Florida, the Gulf coast of the United States, along the Mexican and Central American coast, both on the Atlantic and Pacific sides, and has extended into South America. From the enormous numbers of Herons' plumes that are annually sold in the London feather market there is no doubt that plume-hunters are at work wherever the White Herons are found.—*William Dutcher, Chairman of National Committee of Audubon Societies.*

ANIMALS THAT CAN CALCULATE THE LAPSE OF TIME.

An interesting fact that has been observed in regard to animals is their power of measuring certain periods of time. We have given an instance of this, in the *Cheerful Letter*, in the case of Ruby, the horse owned by James Freeman Clarke, who knew when it was Sunday. He invariably turned to the right, on Sunday, to go to Boston, to the church where his master preached, but on week-days, as invariably, turned to the left to go to the village, where were situated the post-office, the shops, and the railway station. Here are some farther illustrations of this gift, narrated in Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." He says:—

"It is strikingly exhibited in dogs, horses, and other domestic animals accustomed to regular hours of employment.

"A friend of the writer once owned a large plantation in one of the South-western States, upon which he worked a large number of mules. They were regularly employed on week-days, but on Sundays they were turned into a corral and allowed to rest. On regular work-days they were tractable and easily handled; but, if one was wanted for a Sunday excursion, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be caught or made to perform any labor whatever.

"An English gentleman, well known to the writer, relates a curious anecdote of a dog which was raised in his family. After the dog had come to maturity, one of the sons married, and set up an establishment about three miles from the parental mansion. It was the habit of the family to see that the dog was fed regularly, immediately after

each meal, with the scraps from the table. At the home mansion the Sunday dinner-hour was the same as on week-days, but was just two hours earlier than that adopted at the son's establishment. This fact the dog, by some means, became acquainted with, and he never failed to take advantage of the information. Every Sunday he would wait patiently for the home dinner; and, having finished it, he would promptly take his departure, and never failed to put in an appearance at the son's house, on time for dinner, where he was sure to be welcomed and entertained as an honored guest. On week-days the dinner-hour at the two houses was the same, and consequently he never made a pilgrimage in search of an extra meal, except on Sunday.

"A favorite mastiff in the family of the writer has taken upon himself the regulation of the household affairs. He awakens the family in the morning at a certain hour and insists on promptitude in rising. At precisely twelve o'clock he notifies the family that it is time to feed the horse, and will give no one any peace until his friend's wants are supplied. His own meal seems to be a secondary consideration. At three o'clock he notifies his mistress that it is time to visit the kitchen and give directions for preparing dinner. It is not because he expects to be fed at that time, for he is never fed until the family have dined, two hours later. At nine o'clock he rises from his rug on the library floor, and insists upon a visit to the kitchen for a lunch. It is rare that he varies five minutes from the regular hours above noted, but is generally within a minute."

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued from last number.)

New Place, Shakespeare's home at the time of his death, and presumably the house in which he died, stood on the north-east corner of High Street and Chapel Street. Nothing now remains of it but a portion of its foundations, long buried in the earth, but found and exhumed in comparatively recent days. Its gardens have been redeemed, through the zealous and devoted exertions of Mr. Halliwell, and have been restored to what is thought to have been almost their exact condition when Shakespeare owned them. The crumbling fragments of the foundation are covered with screens of wood and wire. A mulberry-tree —the grandson of the famous mulberry which Shakespeare himself is known to have planted—is growing on the spot once occupied by its renowned ancestor. There is no drawing or print in existence which shows New Place as it was when Shakespeare left it, but there is a sketch of it as it appeared in 1740. The house was made of brick and timber, and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton nearly a century before it became by purchase the property of the poet. Shakespeare bought it in 1597, and in it passed, intermittently, a considerable part of the last nineteen years of his life. It had borne the name of New Place before it came into his possession. The Clopton family parted with it in 1563, and it was subsequently owned by the families of Bott and of Underhill. At Shakespeare's death it was inherited by his eldest daughter, Susanna, wife of Dr. John Hall. In 1643, Mrs. Hall, then seven years a widow, being still its owner and occupant, Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I., who had come to Stratford with a part of the royal army, resided for three weeks at New Place, which, therefore, must even then have been the most considerable private residence in the town. Mrs. Hall, dying in 1649, aged sixty-six, left it to her only child, Elizabeth, then Mrs. Thomas Nashe, who afterward became Lady Barnard, wife to Sir Thomas Barnard, and in whom the direct line of Shakespeare ended. After her death the estate was purchased by Sir Edward Walker, in 1675, who ultimately left it to his daughter's husband, Sir John Clopton, and so it once more passed into the hands of the family of its founder. A second Sir Hugh Clopton owned it at the middle of the last century, and under his direction it was repaired, freshly decorated, and furnished with a new front. That proved the beginning of the end of this old structure, as a relic of Shakespeare; for this owner, dying in 1751, bequeathed it to his son-in-law, Henry Talbot, who in 1753 sold it to the most universally execrated iconoclast of modern times, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, by whom it was destroyed. Mr. Gastrell, it appears, was a man of fortune, as he certainly was one of insensibility. He knew little of Shakespeare, but he knew that the frequent incursion, into his garden, of strangers who came to sit beneath "Shakespeare's mulberry," was a troublesome annoyance. He struck, therefore, at the root of the vexation, and cut down the tree. This was in 1756. The wood was purchased by Thomas Sharp, a watchmaker of Stratford, who subsequently made the solemn declaration that he carried it to his home and converted it into toys and kindred memorial relics. The

villagers of Stratford, meantime, incensed at the barbarity of Mr. Gastrell, took their revenge by breaking his windows. In this and in other ways the clergyman was probably made to realize his local unpopularity. It had been his custom to reside during a part of each year in Lichfield, leaving some of his servants in charge of New Place. The overseers of Stratford, having lawful authority to levy a tax, for the maintenance of the poor, on every house in the town valued at more than forty shillings a year, did not, it may be presumed, neglect to make a vigorous use of their privilege in the case of Mr. Gastrell. The result of their exactions in the sacred cause of charity was at least significant. In 1757 Mr, Gastrell declared that that house should never be taxed again, pulled down the building, sold the materials of which it had consisted, and left Stratford forever. A modern house now stands on a part of the site of what was once Shakespeare's home, and here has been established another museum of Shakespearean relics. None of these relics is of imposing authenticity or of remarkable interest. Among them is a stone mullion, dug up on the site, which may have belonged to a window of the original mansion. This entire estate, bought from different owners and restored to its Shakespearean condition, became in 1875 the property of the corporation of Stratford. The tract of land is not large. The visitor may traverse the whole of it in a few minutes, although, if he obey his inclination, he will linger there for hours. The enclosure is about three hundred feet square, possibly larger. The lawn is in beautiful condition. The line of the walls that once separated this from the two gardens of vegetables and of flowers is traced in the turf. The mulberry is large and flourishing, and wears its honors in contented vigor. Other trees give grateful shade to the grounds, and the voluptuous red roses, growing all around in profuse richness, load the air with bewildering fragrance. Eastward, at a little distance, flows the Avon. Not far away rises the graceful spire of the Holy Trinity. A few rooks, hovering in the air and wisely bent on some facetious mischief, send down through the silvery haze of the summer morning their sagacious yet melancholy caw. The windows of the gray chapel across the street twinkle, and keep their solemn secret. On this spot was first waved the mystic wand of Prospero. Here Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearl and coral in the deep caverns of the sea. Here arose into everlasting life Hermione, "as tender as infancy and grace." Here was created Miranda and Perdita, twins of heaven's own radiant goodness,—

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

TRAVEL NOTES.

[These notes are not of course very interesting to shut-ins: this section at least they will not care for. It is intended for that portion of our readers who are travellers.]

A great deal of the pleasure and comfort of my stay in Stratford, and indeed of my whole stay in England during this summer, came from belonging to the "Women's Rest Tour Association." It was from their Lodging List that I obtained the address of Mrs. Walton, the hostess of the Olde Vicarage in Stratford, and also some other places which I found very pleasant and comfortable. Several of these were lodgings, comprising a bedroom and sitting-room; and (except in Edinburgh where they were more expensive) these lodgings, including meals, were only six or seven shillings and sixpence a day. I was exactly eleven weeks in England, and my expenses were just $400. Had I travelled as so many persons do, two sharing one room and uniting to pay for a carriage, they would have been much less. This included absolutely everything,—carriages, fees, photographs, presents, and the few articles of clothing that are now and then indispensable.

In London, however, the boarding-houses (for I did not try lodgings there) I have never found comfortable, even those recommended by the Women's Rest Tour Association. The only exception to this is the one where I stayed this summer, Mrs Julius Harvey, 4 Endsleigh Street. I give her address, because she is no longer on the list of the Women's Rest Tour Association, they having the custom of leaving off any address which is not reported on for three seasons; and the London list is so long that one which is very desirable may easily lapse in this way.

Though I did not wish to be extravagant, there were two things in which I would not economize severely. I took a cab, or carriage, whenever I found it desirable (though often making use of an omnibus when it answered the purpose); and I made a point of having a comfortable room or rooms.

Nevertheless there are several things that

might be improved in the management of the Women's Rest Tour Association.

1. When an address has been dropped, we have frequently no means of knowing whether there is some real objection to the place (from criticisms made by travellers) or whether it has only lapsed because it has not been used recently. The best places on the list may be entirely lost in this way. A few of the most desirable might be retained on a separate page at the end of the book, with a note stating the last year they had been used. One very attractive place in Paris has been lost in this way. Probably the reason that fewer travellers stayed there was that the price of board was one franc a day more than in any other *pension*. Many of the members of the Women's Rest Tour Association are obliged to economize carefully, but a portion would prefer to pay a franc a day more for a pleasanter place.

2. Another point is that there is no way of making any suggestion or criticism. Societies of this sort ought to welcome criticism. It would be a good thing to have the paper, *The Pilgrim Scrip*, which comes out at irregular intervals, not so often as once a year, issued every three months, with an opportunity for brief suggestions given to *both* travellers and lodging-house keepers. This would be a mutual advantage.

During this summer of which I am writing, three hostesses, good and sensible women, spoke to me of a mistake which travellers sometimes make. These members of the Women's Rest Tour Association announced that they did not intend to pay *any* fees. But, where it is the custom, fees ought to be paid: they are a regular part of the travelling expenses. In one place the trunks of a party were carried from the station, on a hand cart up a hill, to the house where the travellers stayed, and they refused to pay more than one penny for each trunk. Of course, when they went away, the men would not come for the trunks.

Another told me that she received a letter from a traveller, saying, "What, are your lowest possible prices for rooms?" etc. She naturally thought the writer was quite poor and obliged to economize strictly. Not so. The family (of which the party consisted) possessed ample means, but wanted to make a good bargain. She advised them not to use that expression again. "For," said she, "the '*lowest possible prices*' means the poorest possible rooms; and, if my small attic rooms had not been occupied, I should have given you those; and you would not have been satisfied with them." L. F. C.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To Mrs. James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, January 12, 1840.

My dear sister,—I promised a supplement to my last letter to James which should be addressed to you, and contain a description of the new parties invented by Dr. Channing. These, after all, do not turn out to be anything very different from other parties, only that we go early and meet friends instead of mere acquaintances. I went to one at the Doctor's house the other night which I thought pleasant enough, but I understand he was not at all satisfied with it, and thinks he must have another and a better one. I suppose the company behaved in too frivolous a manner to suit him. We had good singing from the Miss Carys, William Story, and Mr. Cranch, who is quite an acquisition to our circle.

Dr. Channing always asks after you, when I see him, with affectionate interest; also do Mrs. Channing and Miss Mary, whom I think one of the loveliest maidens now to be seen. I saw Mrs. Peabody the other night very unexpectedly, and she desired me to convey her love to you as speedily as possible, and to say that she had received the beautiful cup, and thanked you for it.

The other day in going to Salem I met with an adventure which occasioned my breakfasting with Mr. Taylor. The day after New Year, and one of the coldest mornings we have had this year, Elizabeth Peabody and myself arose at seven and walked from Mr. Bartol's in Chestnut Street to the North End, about the place where you and I went to see the "Mary Frazier" launched. The cold was intense, and with difficulty we reached the place of our enterprise, the ferry boat landing which was to take us across the water to East Boston, when the pleasing surprise awaited us that we were five minutes too late, and the boat was seen puffing through the frosty air on the other side. What to do then? Either to wait two hours and a half or to return to Mr. Bartol's. Fortunately, Elizabeth remembered that Mr. Taylor lived not far off, and assured me of a welcome if I would go with her to breakfast there. Accordingly we went, and were received by Mr. Taylor himself, razor in hand, just making his face beautiful as he said. Mrs. Taylor I much admire. She is a woman nobly planned; has two beautiful little girls and two daughters just married. They gave us some breakfast and a prayer that was worth a day's journey to hear. Mr. Taylor says he wants very much to go down the

Ohio River, and visit James Freeman Clarke and William G. Eliot. This he said before he knew who I was. Then he said they were "his boys," and he loved them and wanted to go and see what they were doing. He thinks the Unitarians destined to regenerate the world if they can keep themselves simple and true; for they have a good name, learning, liberal sentiments, a love of truth, and influence in the world; and, though he is not a Unitarian and never can be, he loves them and hopes much for them.

I go to Boston almost every week and have heard so far all Mr. Emerson's lectures. Last week he gave us one on Housekeeping. This you will think scarce a theme for a philosopher; but he talked more wisely about it than any one I have yet heard speak on that subject. He began with the assertion (that no one will deny) that there is a great deal of work to be done in every house, and that no house is perfectly well kept. There go too many things to good housekeeping that any one should be quite successful. If the house is in good order, the garden is full of weeds or the fences falling down. If the dinner is punctual and good, the windows are unwashed or the sweeping neglected or dust thrown in the eyes of the family or the guest not heedfully bestowed, and always such good, such unanswerable excuses. Give me wealth, says the wife, give me money enough, and your house shall be perfectly well kept; and this, he says, shows the falsehood of the whole system. We must change our habits, we must have plain living and high thinking. Domestic service must be put on a different footing. The wife must not be made a slave any more; each member of the family must do three or four hours' work every day; luxuries few and intellectual and such as all can enjoy. The houses of the rich now are toy-shops, places where one gets strawberries and champagne. Many wise things he said which I have forgotten and many more which I have no room for. One fine passage I wish I had *verbatim* about the treatment of guests, and that the advent of a noble man or woman as guest was the greatest thing that could happen in a family.

I have given you a good quantity of this, have I not? Tell James I hope he will not suspect me again of being a denizen of ——. Tell him, too, that I received "The Pilgrim's Progress" and its enclosure safely.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.

I.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in wamble, but not in shame.
My seconds are in roofing, but not in scale.
My thirds are in lawn, but not in moist.
My fourths are in cadence, but not in allege.
My fifths are in foredoom, but not in displace.
My sixths are in tile, but not in escape.
My sevenths are in tonnage, but not in limber.
My whole gives the names of three governors of Massachusetts.

II.

FLOWER ANAGRAMS.

1. Love it.
2. Thy China.
3. Get me no tin.
4. Tears.
5. List came.
6. One name.

—*Selected.*

III.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

A President's cabinet. Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

4, 1, 14, 9, 5, 12—23, 5, 2, 19, 20, 5, 18, Secretary of State.

7, 5, 15, 18, 7, 5—19—2, 15, 21, 20, 23, 5, 12, 12, Secretary of the Treasury.

3, 1, 18, 12—19, 3, 8, 21, 18, 26, Secretary of Interior.

5, 4, 23, 9, 14—13—19, 20, 1, 14, 20, 15, 14, Secretary of War.

10, 15, 8, 14—4—12, 15, 14, 7, Secretary of Navy.

10, 5, 18, 5, 13, 9, 1, 8—13—18, 21, 19, 11, Secretary of Agriculture.

10, 15, 8, 14—23, 1, 14, 1, 13, 1, 11, 5, 18, Postmaster-General.

5, 2, 5, 14, 5, 26, 5, 18—18—8, 15, 1, 18, Attorney-General.

IV.

DIVIDED WORDS.

Example: Take the first syllable from a name given in familiarity and leave an appellation. Answer. Nick-name.

1. Take the first syllable from to aid, and leave an intimate associate.

2. Take the first syllable from in concord and leave a number.

3. Take the first syllable from an heir and leave a preposition.

4. Take the first syllable from to invest with authority and leave a bishop's seat.

5. Take the first syllable from a spool to hold thread in spinning machines and leave a place to any commodity.

6. Take the first syllable from an old saying and leave a long time.

7. Take the first syllable from unattractive and leave a smaller portion.

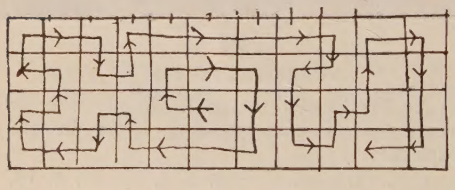
8. Take the first syllable from an innkeeper and leave an English titled nobleman.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the first syllables and the initials of the second syllables will each spell a favorite game.

Answers to Puzzles in September Number.

I. LITERARY CONTEST.—Strington on the Pike. Far from the Madding Crowd, Hon. Peter Sterling, Janice Meredith, An Old-fashioned Girl, The Wide, Wide World, A Pair of Blue Eyes, Great Expectations, Richard Carvel, John Halifax, The Little Minister.

II. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



James A. Garfield.
Abraham Lincoln.
Benjamin Harrison.

III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.— 1. William M. Thackeray. 2. George Eliot. 3. Alfred Tennyson. 4. Arthur Wellesley. 5. A. Conan Doyle.

IV. DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

L A C E R A T E
P O S I T I V E
M O N E T A R Y
L O N G N O S E
A F F R I G H T
C E N T I P E D
L A N D F A L L
E L E C T R I C
P R O V I N C E
F L O W E R E T

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The address of the new chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is Miss Helen L. Bayley, 133 Austin Street, Cambridge, Mass.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, November 6, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, to whom all communications should be sent.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangments will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 133 Austin Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.